

The Married Life of Helen and Warren

By MABEL HERBERT URNER

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Excitement of the Midnight Landing is Subdued by the Ominous War Cloud

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"A sleeper," eagerly. "Oh, can we get a sleeper?"

"That's what I'm going to find out. You stay here with these," and, leaving Helen with the hand baggage, Warren hurried to the ticket window.

The dimly lit station was swarming with passengers from the St. Paul, all tensely anxious to get on to London. The excitement of the midnight landing was in the air.

London papers were being eagerly scanned for the latest war news. A table supplied with cable and telegraph blanks was crowded with those anxious to send messages.

But there was none of the usual exhilaration of landing. Even the hurry and excitement were subdued by the ominous feeling of depression.

"Got two berths of some kind," announced Warren. Then, with a glance at the lunch counter, "Want some of that fodder while we wait? There's our old friend, Bovril," nodding at the familiar English sign.

"I don't like beef extract," murmured Helen.

"Hello, they've got a bar, too! What about sherry and bitters? That'll set you up."

"Wait, dear," as Warren started for the lunch counter. "A lot of people are wiring on to the hotels for rooms. Don't you think we'd better?"

"No; they always soak you more. Don't you worry—we'll get in somewhere. They'll not turn away good American money, war or no war."

Warren now made a raid on the lunch counter, returning with sherry and sandwiches. They had had a late supper on the steamer, but the thought of the midnight landing in a country still in the throes of war had left Helen too excited to eat.

"All passengers this way!" shouted the guard.

Helen hastily finished her sandwich and followed Warren into the huge brick-lined hall, where all the baggage was ready for inspection.

"Keep close to me," as he pushed ahead and quickly located their trunks in the section under "C."

"Any spirits, tobacco or silver-plate?" asked the custom officer perfunctorily, as he checked the trunks without opening them.

With some difficulty Warren got a porter. The scarcity of porters was one of the first evidences of the war.

"Register these trunks through to Euston," he ordered. "This hand baggage we'll have in the sleeper."

Outside they made their way down the platform to the waiting train.

"Where's this stateroom?" asked Warren, showing his ticket.

"They're not reserved, sir. Take any you like."

When the porter deposited their hand baggage in one of the staterooms, Helen looked around with amazed disapproval. Compared with the luxurious American sleeper it was crude, shabby and not even clean.

There were two cot-like berths with a washstand between. The curtains were stained and dusty, and the bit of carpet worn threadbare.

Helen promptly examined the dubious-looking bed linen. The narrow sheets barely covered the soiled mattress, and the harsh, stiff blankets were a grayish white.

"Dear, look! Even the sheets don't look fresh!"

"Well, they're getting American managers on these roads now. They'll send a lot of these old cars to the junk heap."

"Let's get out our steamer rugs," persisted Helen. "They're cleaner than these blankets."

Unheeding Warren's growling protest, she unstrapped the rugs. Then from her suitcase she took two towels and pinned them over the pillows.

"Now, see here," scowling around for a place to hang his coat; "you're to take things on this trip as you find 'em. We'll have none of this squeamishness. If you don't like—"

"Oh, wait," pleadingly. "Let me wash out that basin first," as Warren started to wash up. "And, dear, don't use that soap!"

Impatiently he waited while Helen washed out the dusty basin and got the soap from her suitcase.

"Oh, dear, I wouldn't stand on this dirty floor. Where're your slippers? Let me get them out for you."

"No, you don't!" pushing her aside. "No sense in getting everything unpacked. I paid for this stateroom to get a few hours' sleep—not to potter around all night."

Helen had hardly begun to undress when Warren flopped into his berth.

"Great Scott, this thing's narrow! Don't take any chances on tossing about. Say, what in thunder are you doing now?"

"I'll be through in a minute," for, having a deep-rooted aversion for doubtful wash basins, Helen was cleaning her face with cold cream.

"Well, I may not be so all-fired particular as you are—but I wouldn't smear all that grease paint on my face for a farm."

Through a lull in the rumbling of the baggage trucks, the voices of two women now came with shrill distinctness from the adjoining stateroom:

"I wonder if this shirt waist will do for tomorrow?"

"Oh, yes; I wouldn't put on a fresh one till we're there. My, it's good to get those shoes off! Patent leather draws my feet so."

"Tan shoes are easier for traveling. Oh, do you like those lace-front corsets? I've been wanting to try them, they say they're—"

"The rest was lost in the trundling of baggage outside."

"Hub, just getting interesting," grinned Warren. "What're those two females over here alone for, anyway?"

"I think one is a correspondent for some paper," whispered Helen. "Don't you remember her, the one who was always writing on deck?"

"Oh, that! Well, it'll take more'n a lace front to make her—"

"Hush, dear, they'll hear you!"

"Now what else have you to do?" demanded Warren.

"Just to fix my hair—but I don't need the light for that."

She switched off the light and raised the window at the foot of her berth. The long platform was now cleared of trunks. The cold, white air gloomed flickered ghostly along the prison-like station. The familiar English signs of soap, tea and junk seemed frivolously out of place against the grim stone walls.

Then without a sound of bell or whistle, with almost a sinister silence, the train slipped out into the darkness.

The outskirts of Liverpool, with the streets stony, treeless, and poorly lit, looked inexpressibly dreary. There were endless rows of the monotonous, low brick houses, all dark now except for a faint glimmer from an occasional window.

Vaguely depressed by the scene, with a whispered "Good night, dear," Helen reached out across the narrow aisle.

"Good night," briefly, pushing away her hand.

"Now let's get what sleep we can." A silence of several moments then Helen crept out of bed and bent over him with a wistful:

"Dear, I can't go to sleep without telling you good night right?"

As she stooped to kiss him, her hand unconsciously slipped under his pillow and touched something cold and steady. With a frightened cry she drew back.

"Oh, oh! Why, Warren, that isn't—"

"Well, what if it is? What're you fumbling under my pillow for?"

"It isn't loaded!" breathlessly. "What use would it be if it wasn't?"

"But, dear, you don't think—"

"Think it's just as well to have one. Let of sneak thieves at a time like this. Now you go to sleep and stop prowling around."

Helen crept back into her berth, but the touch of the revolver had chilled her. There was something terrifying in that cold steel. With a rush it brought back all her brooding thoughts of the war.

They were beyond the city now, speeding through the sweet-smelling English country. Raising her pillow, she gazed out on the peaceful farm lands. Here and there were groups of cows sleeping or grazing in the moonlight.

It was all so quietly peaceful that it was hard to think of the war zone as being so near. All those Belgian battlefields had a few months ago been as serenely quiet as this. Perhaps many of the battles had been fought at night under just such a calm, pale moon.

The thought of the killed and wounded Helen resolutely put from her. All her mental anguish over the suffering in this war would not alleviate a single pang, and she was schooling herself not to think. Just before they sailed she had sent a check to the Red Cross. That was expressing her sympathy in the only way that could help.

Determinedly she now turned her thoughts to London. They would be there in the morning. What conditions would they find? The hotels, restaurants, music halls—all the places she had loved on her first trip—how many of those would be closed?

Whatever the hardships or inconveniences of the next few weeks, there was something thrillingly exciting about being so near the heart of things.

The spirit of adventure was always strong within Helen, and now she looked forward to their arrival in London with a glow of eager expectancy.

The Thirst for Applause.

That the desire to "show off" and thereby win applause is a powerful incentive to action is evidenced by the refusal of a prisoner to leave jail on the ground that he did not wish to miss his chance of appearing in the prison entertainment for which he was diligently rehearsing. It may seem strange that anyone should prefer applause to liberty, but this prisoner is only one of thousands who have made equal or even greater sacrifices to the cause of artistic ambition, as the desire to "show off" is termed when truth is submerged by politeness.—New York Herald.

Have You a Bad Back?

Does your back ache night and day, making work a burden and rest impossible? Do you suffer stabbing, darting pains when stooping or lifting? Most bad backs are due to hidden trouble in the kidneys and if the kidney secretions are scant or too frequent of passage, proof of kidney trouble is complete. Delay may pave the way to serious kidney ills. For bad backs and weak kidneys, use Doan's Kidney Pills—recommended the world over.

An Illinois Case

John Kringer, 220 Indiana Ave., Chicago, Ill., says: "I was very ill with kidney trouble and lumbago. The sharp pains in my back kept me in misery, and it was awful hard for me to stoop, my back was so stiff. My kidneys acted irregularly and I knew they caused all the trouble. Doan's Kidney Pills restored me to good health."

Get Doan's at Any Store, 50c a Box
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FOSTER-MILBURN CO., BUFFALO, N. Y.

MR. ROUNDER A DIPLOMAT

Anyone That Could Get Away With Excuse He Offered Is Deserving of the Name.

Mr. Rounder lay in the hospital with a broken leg and a bruised head. But they weren't worrying him most. There in the morning paper was the whole story of one too many joy rides, chorus girls and all, starting from page 1.

His wife—he knew her too well. Even while he pictured the scene in the divorce court, she came in, stiff and cold and threatening, the telltale paper clutched in a trembling hand.

"Well," she demanded accusingly. Then came his inspiration.

"Lucratic!" he whispered, reaching toward her, in spite of the pain his movements gave him. "I—I thought the automobile was a jitney bus, and before I discovered the difference, it whizzed away with me, and—"

She interrupted him with a wild cry.

"Oh, Jonathan! I knew you couldn't have done anything so absurd!"

Manlike, he forgave her—Judge.

CUTICURA SOAP BATHS

Followed by a Little Ointment for Baby's Tender Skin. Trial Free.

They afford infants and children great comfort, permit rest and sleep and point to speedy treatment of eczemas, rashes, itching, chafings and other sleep destroying skin troubles. Nothing better at any price for the nursery and toilet.

Sample each free by mail with Book. Address postcard, Cuticura, Dept. XY, Boston. Sold everywhere—Adv.

American Milk Bottles to Britain.

In reference to our recent paragraph on the shortage in milk bottles due to the supply having in the past been drawn from Austria, we are informed by a firm in the trade that this difficulty is now being overcome. It is possible to secure bottles from America, of equal quality and at the same price as the Austrian product. We are glad to hear that the Austrian source of supply can be dispensed with without inconvenience, but we should be still more glad to hear that the demand could be met by British makers. In this connection we are informed that English bottles are to be obtained, "but at a rise of 20 per cent and of an inferior quality."—London Globe.

ST. LOUIS WOMAN SUFFERS 15 YEARS

Mrs. Rosa Bennett Escapes Operation After Taking Wonderful Remedy.

Mrs. Rosa B. Bennett of 2668 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo., was ill with stomach troubles for nearly fifteen years. She had a great deal of medical attention and took many treatments. She was advised to undergo an operation by one specialist.

Instead she took Mayr's Wonderful Remedy and found swift relief. She wrote:

"I was a sufferer for about fifteen years and I tried everything. I doctored with different doctors, and each one would give me a different name. One said that I would never be any better until I was operated on, and another one said I had ulcers of the stomach. I could get no relief."

"I took Mayr's Wonderful Remedy. Now I can't praise your medicine enough."

Mayr's Wonderful Remedy gives permanent results for stomach, liver and intestinal ailments. Eat as much and whatever you like. No more distress after eating, pressure of gas in the stomach and around the heart. Get one bottle of your druggist now and try it on an absolute guarantee—if not satisfactory money will be returned.—Adv.

The Bill Climbed.

"I suppose you climbed the Alps when you were abroad?"

"No, I just ran up a bill, that was all."

Marriage is a tie, but then so is the relationship that exists between a tin can and a dog's tail.

YOUR OWN DRUGGIST WILL TELL YOU. Write for Book of the Free Trial. Write Mrs. Bennett Co., Chicago.

Dr. J. J. Jelliffe, age twelve, is a soldier in the Serbian army.

FROM EGYPT'S FAMOUS QUEEN

Colored Man's Explanation of How His Wife Acquired Her Somewhat Peculiar Name.

Dean Hermann Schneider of the college of engineering in the University of Cincinnati, who is helping the city of New York to organize its system of continuation schools and kindred activities, many years ago when he lived in Maryland engaged a colored man and his wife to help in the upkeep of the house and premises.

This part of the preliminary conversation Dean Schneider tells with gusto: "What is your name?"

"Tom Burgee, sah."

"Married?"

"Oh, yes, sah."

"What's your wife's name?"

"My wife's name is Clara-Peters."

"How can that be, if your name is Burgee?"

"Oh, that's her first name, just her first name. All of her name Clara-Peters Burgee."

"What do you call her?"

"Clara-Peters."

"How did she get that name?"

"Well, sah, her old father, he was educated, he could read, and he terrible fond of readin' the Bible and Shakespeare, and such books, and nammy his children after folks he read about. So, when Clara-Peters was born, he just nammy name her Clara-Peters, after that old queen of Egypt."

LOW ROUND TRIP FARES TO CALIFORNIA'S EXPOSITIONS AND THE PACIFIC COAST

Low round trip fares are now in effect via the Seaside Highway of the Northern Pacific Ry. to California's Expositions via the North Pacific Coast. These tickets permit liberal stop-overs and enable the tourist to include both Expositions as well as a stop-over at Yellowstone National Park via Gardiner gateway.

If you will advise when you will plan your western trip, I will be pleased to quote rates, send a copy of our handsome Expositions folder as well as Yellowstone National Park and travel literature, and assist you in any way possible in planning your 1915 vacation trip. A. M. Cleland, General Passenger Agent, 517 Northern Pacific Ry. St. Paul, Minnesota—Adv.

Absent Minded.

Everything in the professor's eyes depended upon this last test. His work of research for years was now about to either prove a success or a failure.

To the P. the air seemed electrified, and he had success in view when he heard the familiar step of a doctor acquaintance approaching.

"Well, what is it, old man? Can't you see I'm frightfully busy?"

A smile broke over the doctor's face.

"It's a bonnie boy, sir—a little son and heir."

"All right—all right!" irritably growled the professor, whose thoughts were far removed from the outside world. "Be so good as to send him away, but ask him what he wants pestering around here at this unearthly hour, will you?"

Profuse explanations follow.

Important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the

Signature of *Dr. H. H. Fletcher* In Use For Over 30 Years.

Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Getting Used to It.

Bacon—I should think it would be a good thing for the men on the dreadnaughts to serve a time on the submarines first.

Egbert—Why so?

"It wouldn't seem so strange then when they went to the bottom."

What He Wanted.

"I called to see if I could sell you a book."

"What do I want the book for?"

"For two dollars."

"But what made you think I wanted the book?"

"Why, two dollars."

DON'T VISIT THE CALIFORNIA EXPOSITIONS without a supply of Allen's Foot-Ease, the gemic powder to be shaken into the shoes, or dropped in the foot-bath. The Standard Remedy for the feet for 25 years. It gives instant relief to tired, aching feet, and prevents swollen, hot feet. One lady writes: "I suffered every minute of my stay at the Expositions, thanks to Allen's Foot-Ease in my shoes." Get it TODAY. Adv.

No Time.

Judge—Why don't you look for work?

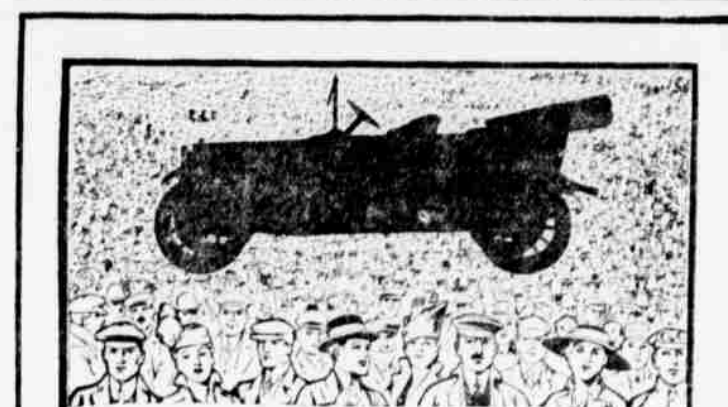
Casey—Oh haven't the toime to waste in such unprofitable employment.—Judge.

That London Fog.

Church—What has London got to combat the German Zeppelins?

Gotham—Why, her well-known fog.

Justice is represented as being blindfolded, but the probabilities are she sometimes peeps.



For Everybody's Car

The Standard Oil Company's recommendation is one oil—Polarine—for every make and type of car. We could make a special oil for every type of motor. We have the facilities, the experts and the means.

But the study of every motor car on the market showed that the lubricating needs of all standard makes were identical.

Polarine

Use Polarine. It has proved the cure for the motor troubles of thousands of good cars whose motors bore the blame.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY, Chicago, U. S. A.
(AN INDIANA CORPORATION)
Use RED CROWN Gasoline for Power, Speed and Mileage

Soon Tired.
"So Kitty is back from the front?"
"Yes; she couldn't find anybody interesting or romantic to nurse."

W. N. U., ST. LOUIS, MO., 16-1915.

The reasons for Certain-teed Roofing

Every buyer needs the proper assurance, when he pays for the best quality, that a second or third quality will not be delivered. The market is flooded with too many brands. Some manufacturers with poor facilities too often meet competition by cutting quality. Some wholesalers buy any old quality, put their labels on it, and say it is the best. Our Certain-teed label is backed by the written guarantee of the world's largest manufacturer of asphalt roofings. It gives each buyer the assurance wanted, and our unequalled facilities for manufacturing enable us to sell it at a very reasonable price.

These are the reasons for

Certain-teed Roofing

We invite every one interested to come to our mills and see how we make the goods. We know that our Certain-teed Roofing is the best quality that we can make. It's the best quality that can be made to last and remain waterproof on the roof. It is made with that one purpose in view. We also make cheap grade, poor quality roofings to meet the demand for very temporary roofs, but the Certain-teed label goes only on our best quality, longest life product. It is the grade which carries our Company name and endorsement and guarantee—1 ply 5 years, 2-ply 10 years, 3-ply 15 years.

If you want the right quality and want to be sure you are getting what you pay for, insist on the Certain-teed label. The price is reasonable. No one can tell the quality of a piece of roofing by looking at it. The man is not living who can take three kinds of roofing of different qualities and tell with any degree of accuracy the length of time each one will last on the roof. He cannot tell their relative values by looking at them. Why take the chance of guessing, when you can get the safest guarantee on the best quality goods at a reasonable price.

Let's Boost Business.

Low Politics—More Prosperity.

We have had enough starvation business—enough of political crime of every party with their sneaking and booting, enough of politicians who promise and never deliver to get them out of office and then practice on the people. We want to see a man in office who will get things done for the people. We want to see a man who will get things done for the people. We want to see a man who will get things done for the people.

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Canadian Wheat to Feed the World.

The war's fearful devastation of European crops has caused an unusual demand for grain from the American Continent. The people of the world must be fed and there is an unusual demand for Canadian wheat. Canada's invitation to every industrious American is therefore especially attractive. She wants farmers to make money and happy, prosperous homes for themselves while helping her to raise immense wheat crops.

You can get a Homestead of 160 acres FREE and other lands can be bought at remarkably low prices. Think of the money you can make with wheat at its present high prices, where for some time it is liable to continue. During many years Canadian wheat fields have averaged 20 bushels to the acre—many yields as high as 45 bushels to the acre. Wonderful crops also of Oats, Barley and Flax.

Mixed farming is fully as profitable an industry as grain raising. The excellent grasses, full of nutrition, are the only food required either for beef or dairy purposes. Good schools, markets convenient, climate excellent.

Military service is not compulsory in Canada, but there is an extra demand for farm labor to replace the many young men who have volunteered for the war. The Government this year is aiding farmers to put extra income into grain.

Write for literature and particulars as to reduced railway rates to representative immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or

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